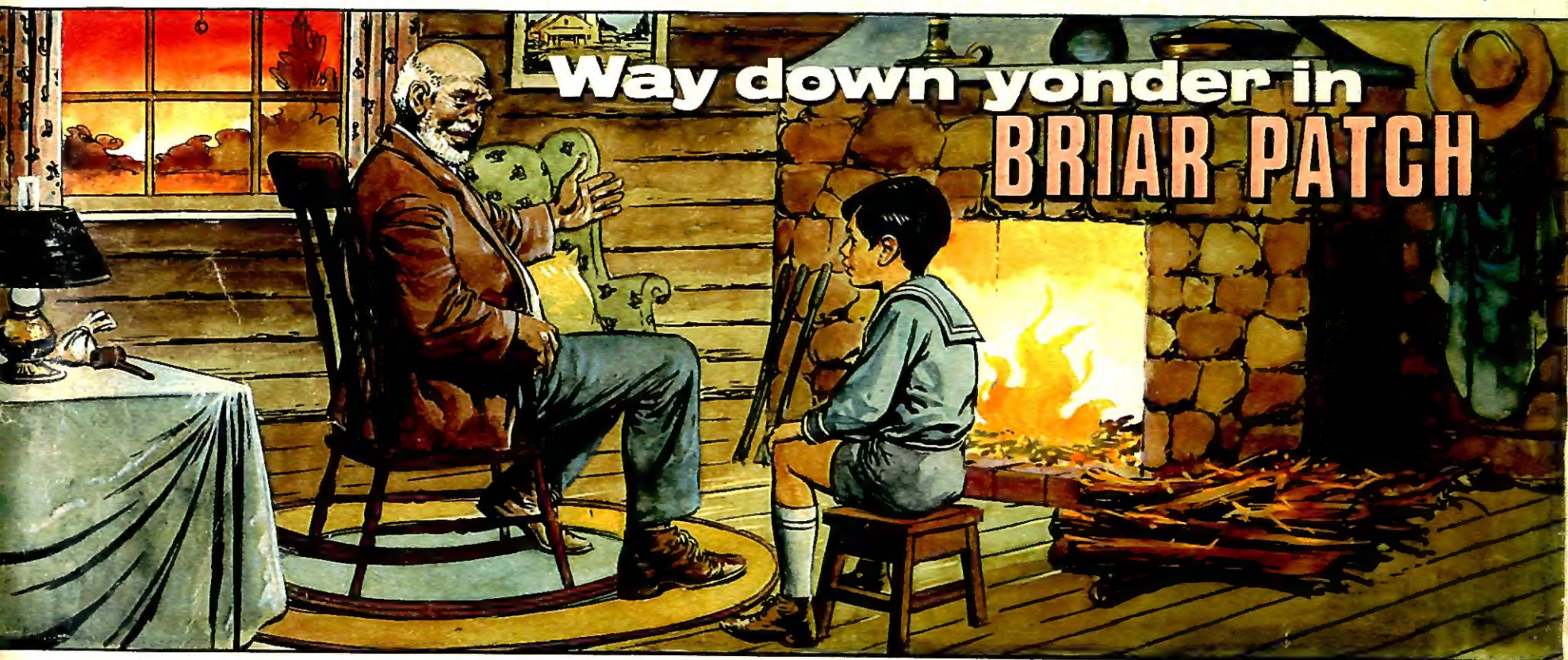


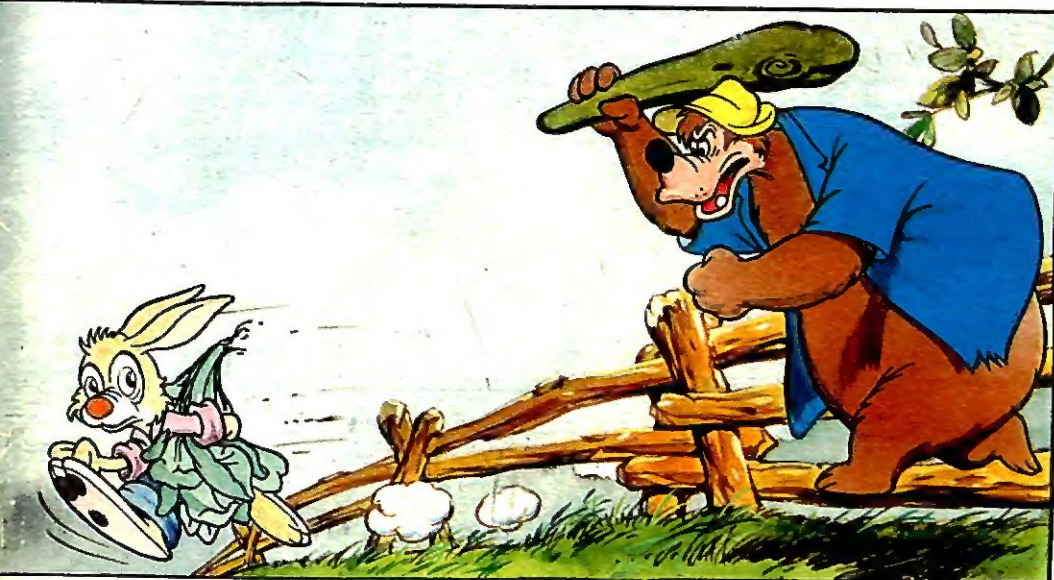


the WONDERFUL WORLD of Disney

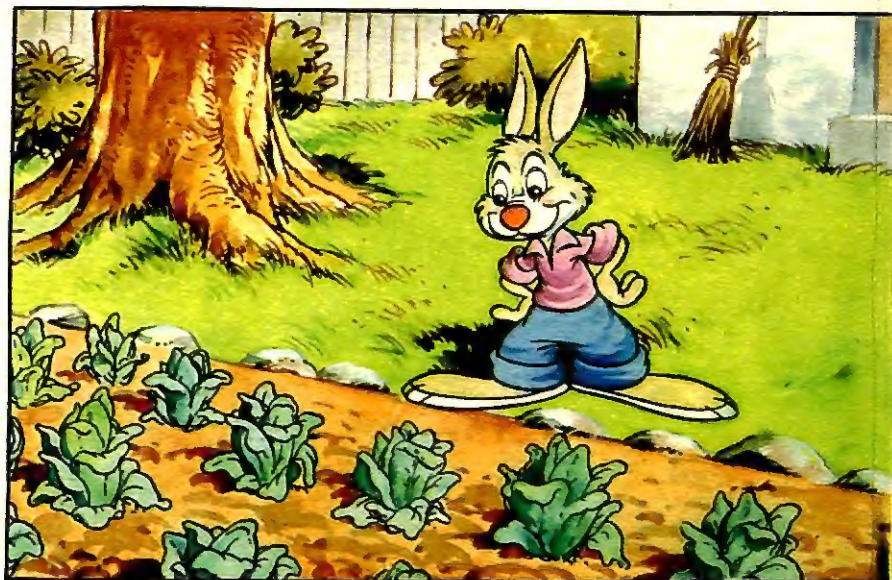


1. Once again the sun was setting in a golden glory as the little boy ran down the garden path that led to the front door of the shack where Uncle Remus lived. It was Uncle Remus who knew all the stories about Brer Rabbit and the rest of the animals who lived way down yonder in Briar Patch.

The little boy knocked on the door and Uncle Remus answered the knock. "Come on in, honey child," he smiled, "cos the evenings are getting a little chilly, they are. Come on in, an' sit with me by the fire, while I tell you about the time ol' Brer Bear done lost his diamond ring."



2. "Diamond ring?" said the little boy as he sat down and made himself comfortable by the log fire. "I didn't know that Brer Bear ever had a diamond ring." "Neither did Brer Fox," chuckled the old man. "But see here, honey child, let me start at the beginnin' 'cos that's where all good stories start. Now, Brer Rabbit was gettin' real fed up with bein' chased by Brer Bear every time he upped and sneaked one of Brer Bear's fine lettuces. Real fed up, he was, boy, and you know what ol' Brer Rabbit did when he was fed up, don't you? He sat right down and had hisself a little think."



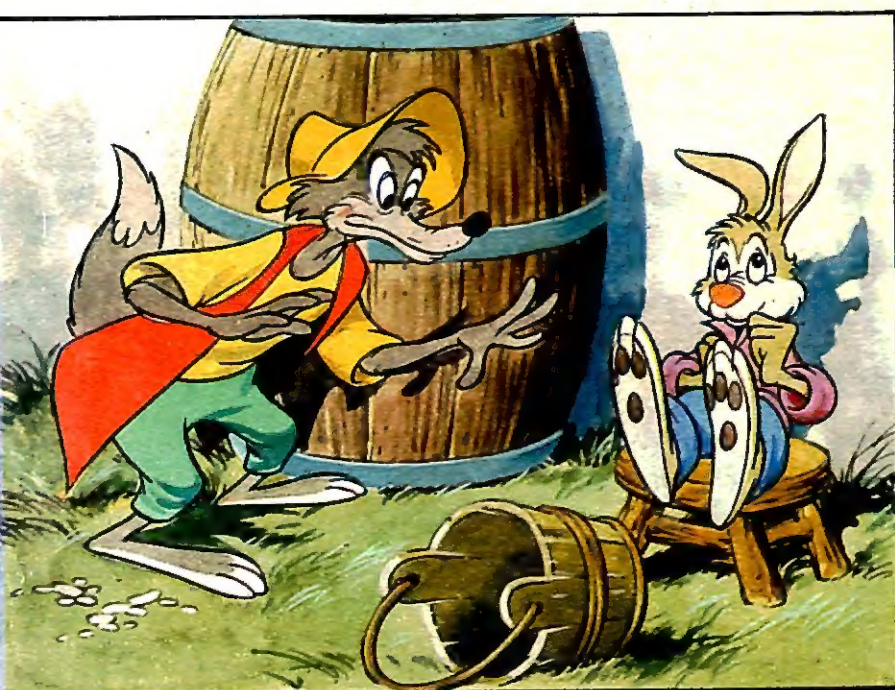
3. "If Brer Bear's so mean he won't let me have a few of his lettuces," thought Brer Rabbit to hisself, "why, the best thing for me to do is grow my own lettuces." Well, he never had grown his own lettuces before, but he upped and he dug and he hoed and he planted, and soon he had a mighty fine lettuce patch and everythin' in his garden was lovely, as the old sayin' goes.



4. Then suddenly the weather turned very very hot and very very dry. The sun burned down and the land dried up and Brer Rabbit's lettuces looked mighty poorly, mighty poorly indeed. "If I don't water those lettuces today, they will surely die," muttered Brer Rabbit. "It's goin' to be mighty hard work haulin' buckets o' water out of this old rainwater barrel," says he, "and I'm goin' to be mighty tired by the time I'm through." It was just at that moment that Brer Fox came a-lopin' along. Brer Fox was curious—yes, sirree, *real* curious.



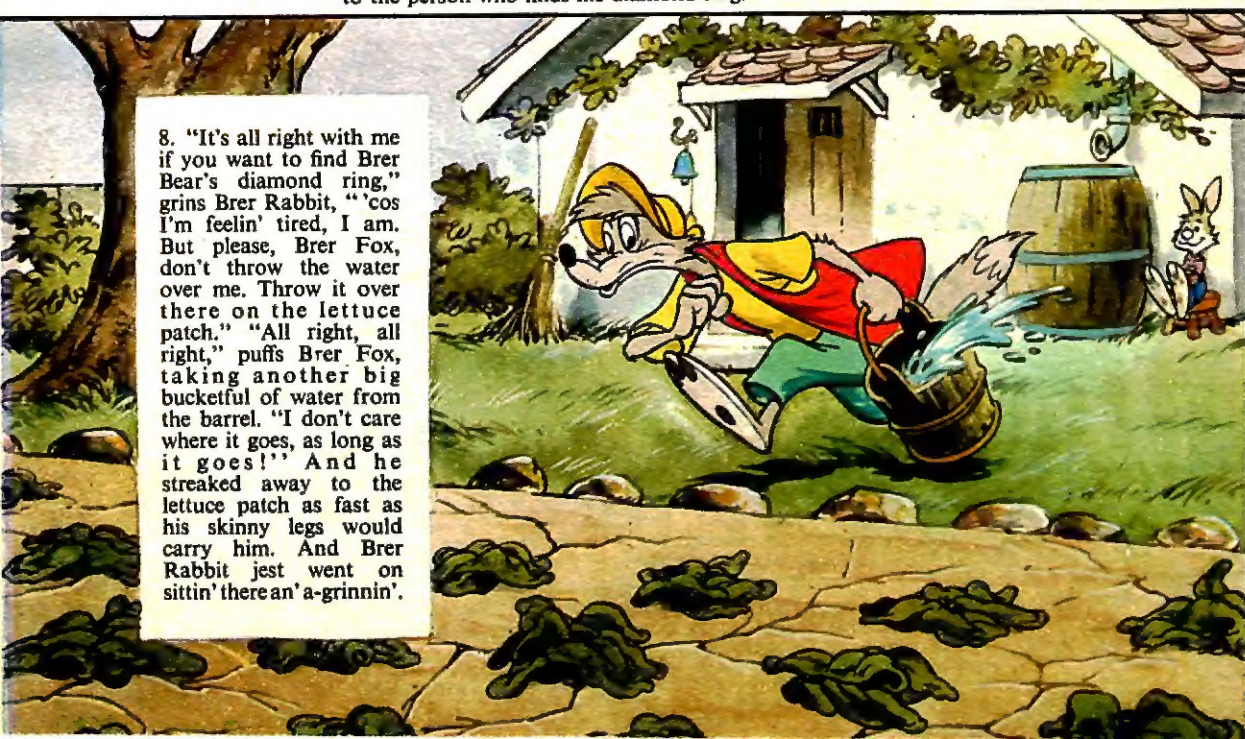
5. "Whyfore are you a-starin' in that there rainwater barrel, Brer Rabbit?" asks he, an' quick as a flash Brer Rabbit answers, "Why, I'm lookin' for a fine diamond ring that belongs to Brer Bear. He lost it in there yesterday when he was helping himself to a drink of water." Brer Fox joined Brer Rabbit and looked down into the barrel. Inside it was dark an' wet.



6. "I can't see any diamond ring, Brer Rabbit," says Brer Fox, says he, starin' down into the water. "Neither can I, Brer Fox," replies Brer Rabbit. "How are you goin' to get it back then?" asks Brer Fox. "I'm goin' to empty out all the water," replies Brer Rabbit, "but I was just a-thinkin' about what to buy with the reward Brer Bear has promised to the person who finds his diamond ring."



7. That was when Brer Fox opened his eyes real wide. "Reward?" says he. "Yes, indeed," says Brer Rabbit, "'cos that diamond ring is worth a lot o' money, it is, and Brer Bear says he'll give a BIG reward!" Well, when Brer Fox heard that, he snatched up the bucket and started emptying the barrel like mad. "You just sit there an' take it easy while I earn that reward, Brer Rabbit," says he, "otherwise I just might have you for rabbit stew tonight." "Be careful, then!" exclaimed Brer Rabbit. "You're splashing water all over me!" And he smiled a big, big smile.



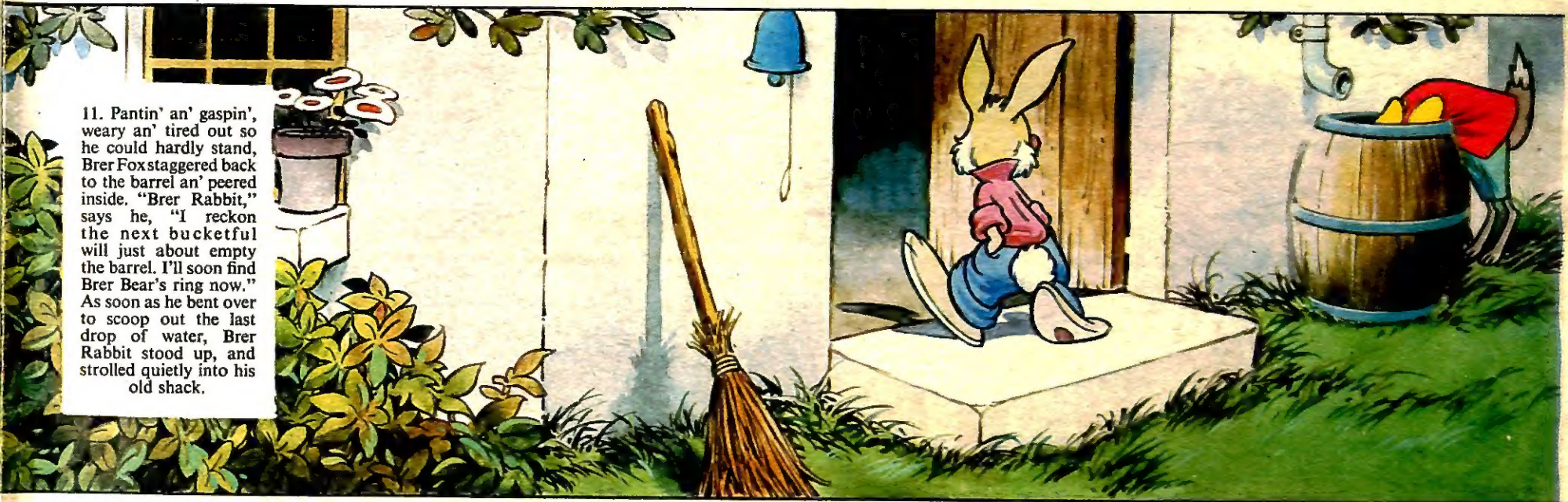
8. "It's all right with me if you want to find Brer Bear's diamond ring," grins Brer Rabbit, "'cos I'm feelin' tired, I am. But please, Brer Fox, don't throw the water over me. Throw it over there on the lettuce patch." "All right, all right," puffs Brer Fox, taking another big bucketful of water from the barrel. "I don't care where it goes, as long as it goes!" And he streaked away to the lettuce patch as fast as his skinny legs would carry him. And Brer Rabbit jest went on sittin' there an' a-grinnin'.

9. SPLOSH! went a bucketful of rainbarrel water, right over Brer Rabbit's dried-up lettuces. SPLASH! went another bucketful, and another and another.





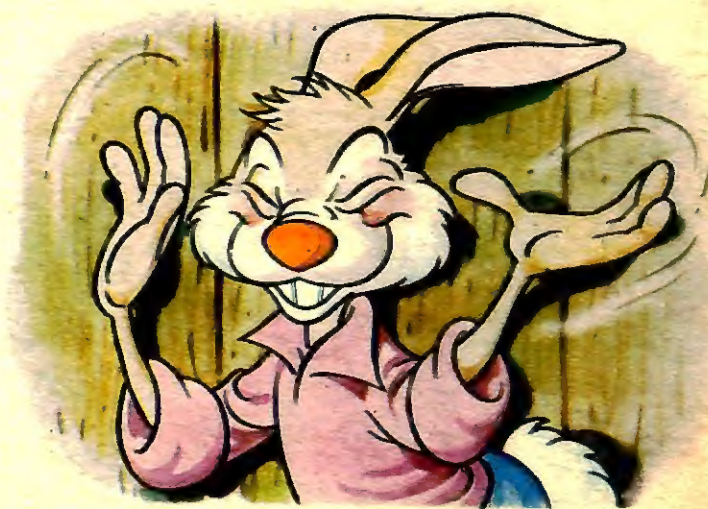
10. Back an' forth, ran Brer Fox till he could hardly drag one foot in front o' the other. Tired out, he was. But Brer Rabbit's lettuces sure began to look perky!



11. Pantin' an' gaspin', weary an' tired out so he could hardly stand, Brer Fox staggered back to the barrel an' peered inside. "Brer Rabbit," says he, "I reckon the next bucketful will just about empty the barrel. I'll soon find Brer Bear's ring now." As soon as he bent over to scoop out the last drop of water, Brer Rabbit stood up, and strolled quietly into his old shack.



12. Then Brer Rabbit moved fast, he did. He locked the shutters on his window and he locked and barred his doors—an' he was only jest in time, too, 'cos Brer Fox had found out that there wasn't no ring in the bottom of that rainwater barrel. It didn't take him any longer than two shakes of a bob-tail to realise that Brer Rabbit had tricked him into waterin' his lettuces for him an' that there was no diamond ring! Well, Brer Fox he raved an' he roared, he did. Then he hammered an' he banged on Brer Rabbit's front door, he did. Then he bawled out, "Brer Rabbit, you come out here, you no-good conniving rabbit, you hear me? I'm gonna catch you this time, you tricked me once too often, you see if you don't end up in my stewpot this time. Come on out o' there!" Brer Fox went on a-yellin' and a-bangin' for the rest of that day, but it didn't do him any good.



13. And why didn't it do him any good? Why, honey child, you c'n bet your best Sunday boots that tricky old Brer Rabbit he jest stayed where he was, safely locked inside his shack. Yes, indeedy, Brer Rabbit jest lay low an' said nothin' and did nothin'. But he surely laughed, boy, he surely laughed fit to bust! 'Cos thanks to Brer Fox he reckoned his lettuces would be doin' nicely, very nicely indeed, with the good long drink o' rainwater they'd had. And if Brer Fox was plumb tuckered out and mad as could be, well, what was that to do with Brer Rabbit?

The MAGIC APPLES



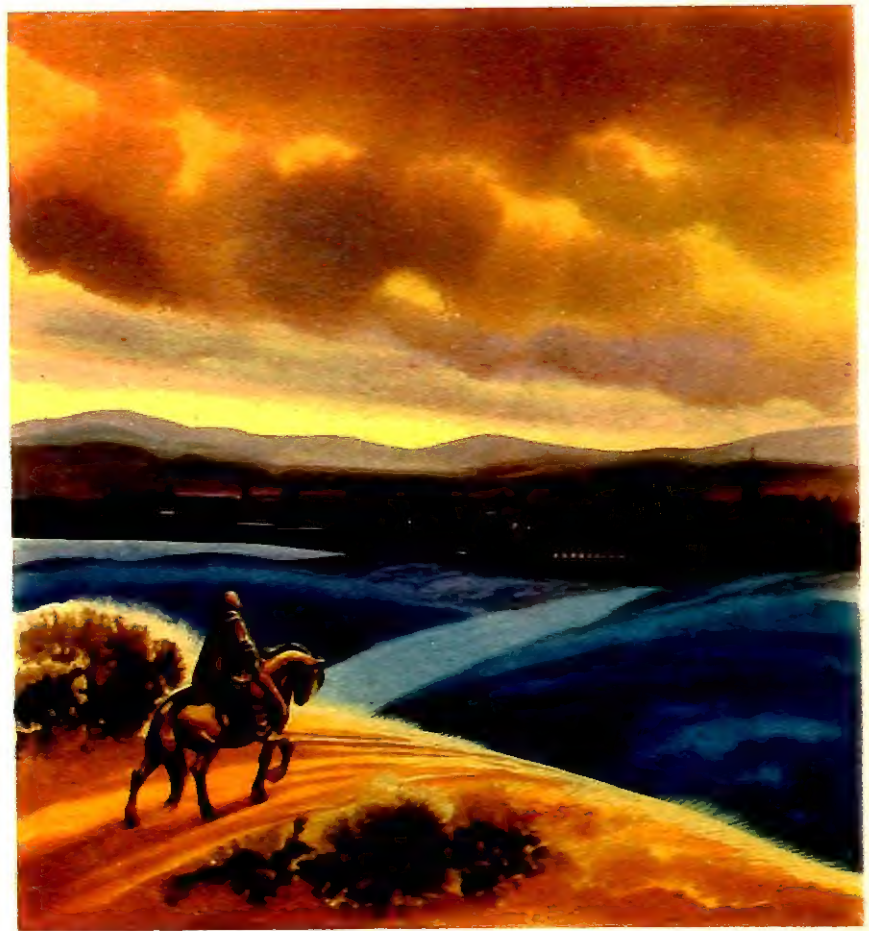
1. Adrian and John, the two elder brothers of Prince Roland, arrived at the place where all three had arranged to meet. They had also been searching for golden apples to cure their sick father, but had only succeeded in finding ordinary green ones. "Roland is asleep—let's see how he fared," whispered Adrian.



2. Very gently they pulled the knapsack from under Roland's head and peeped inside it. Amazed, they looked at each other, very upset. "He has found the golden apples!" gasped John. "What will our father say to us? He may turn us out of the Palace." "Then we must exchange them for ours," said Adrian.



3. When Roland woke up he yawned and stretched his arms above his head. "What a well-needed sleep I had," he said. Then he looked around. "No sign of my brothers," he added. "Oh well, I cannot wait for them. I must hurry back to the Palace and tell the King, my father, the good news." He leaped briskly to his feet.



4. Prince Roland mounted his horse and rode briskly towards the city. The thought had never entered his head that his brothers had already seen and had taken away the golden apples. As he drew nearer, he saw that the city was blazing with light and he could hear the sound of church bells ringing merrily.

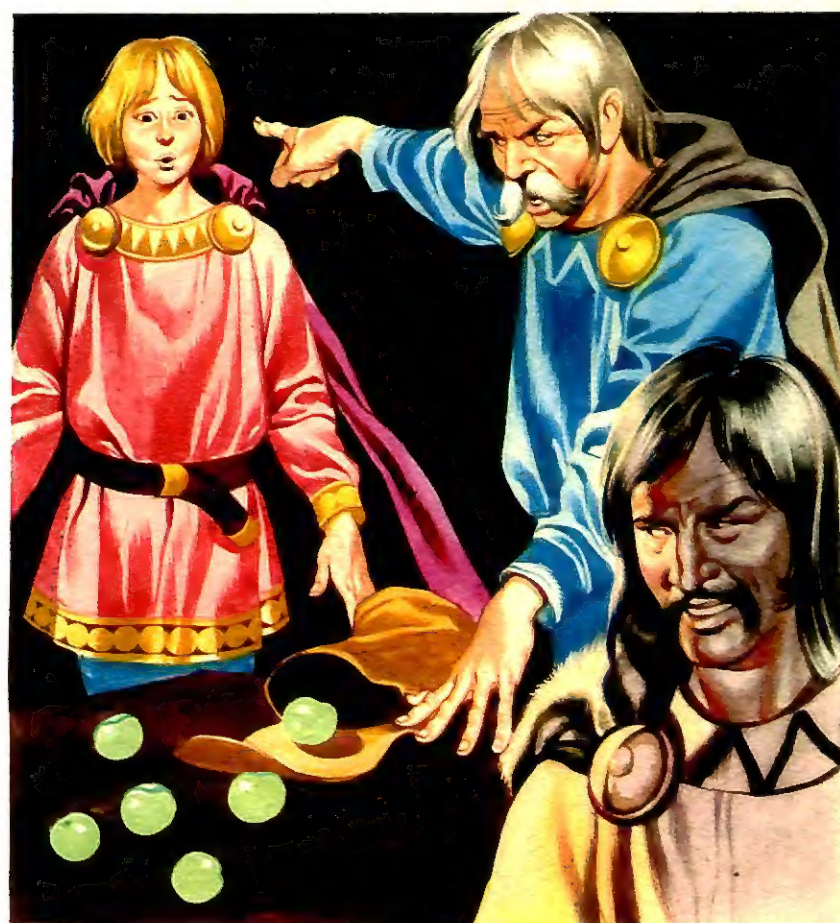


5. And when he rode into the city, Roland found that people were lighting bonfires and dancing with joy in the streets. "What is all this about?" he asked a man. "Why all this joy and excitement? The people are going wild with happiness." "No wonder, good Prince, for the King is cured," said the man.

6. "Yes, yes!" shouted the joyful merry-makers. "The King is well again, and it is reason enough for us to celebrate the glad news." How puzzled Roland was when he heard this. "How could it have happened?" he wondered. "My father could only be cured by the golden apples which are still in my knapsack."



7. He rode to the Palace, and there he found the King, looking well and happy, feasting with the Queen and the two Princes. "Welcome back, Roland," said the King. "Have you brought me golden apples, too, like our brave brothers?" "Indeed I have, father," Roland replied. "I have them here in my knapsack."



8. But when the King took the knapsack and opened it, his face went black with rage. "You are a cheat!" he snapped. "These are GREEN apples and quite useless. How dare you? Do you want to poison me? You are no longer a son of mine. Get you gone from this Kingdom, at once, or I will fling you into prison."



9. Two of the Royal guards escorted Prince Roland into the depths of the Forest, and left him there. "You are banished forever from the Royal Palace," they told him as they went away. Poor Roland sat down in despair. "I *did* get the magic apples, but now I believe my two brothers stole them from me, and gave them to my father as their own," he thought.



10. Prince Roland did not know how long he sat in that gloomy place, lost in his own thoughts. But suddenly he became aware of a rustling in the Forest, and glanced round to see a huge brown bear. Alarmed, he leapt for safety into the upper branches of a tree. "I saw the beast just in time," he gasped.



11. But to his surprise, the bear halted and called out, "Do not be afraid, Prince Roland. I am really a gypsy in a disguise that helps me when I am out hunting." The gypsy flung back the bear's skin that covered him from head to toe, and invited the Prince to climb down from the tree and join him.



12. "You are welcome to share a home with us at our gypsy camp," he said. "We can be friends." The Prince was happy to go with him. They joined the other gypsies, and Prince Roland lived with them for several weeks in the forest. It was a gay life but he was still sad at heart and longed to see his father again. (More next week.)



The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which Piglet does a very grand thing

Half-way between Pooh's house and Piglet's house was a Thoughtful Spot where they met sometimes when they had decided to go and see each other, and as it was warm and out of the wind they would sit down there for a little and wonder what they would do now that they *had* seen each other. One day when they had decided not to do anything, Pooh made up a verse about it, so that everybody should know what the place was for.

This warm and sunny Spot
Belongs to Pooh.
And here he wonders what
He's going to do.
Oh, bother, I forgot—
It's Piglet's too.

Now one autumn morning when the wind
had blown all the leaves off the trees in the



night, and was trying to blow the branches off, Pooh and Piglet were sitting in the Thoughtful Spot and wondering.

"What I think," said Pooh, "is that I think we'll go to Pooh Corner and see Eeyore, because perhaps his house has been blown down, and perhaps he'd like us to build it again."

"What I think," said Piglet, "is I think we'll go and see Christopher Robin, only he won't be there, so we can't."

"Let's go and see *everybody*," said Pooh. "Because when you've been walking in the wind for miles, and you suddenly go into somebody's house, and he says, 'Hallo, Pooh, you're just in time for a little smackerel of something,' and you are, then it's what I call a Friendly Day."

Piglet thought that they ought to have a Reason for going to see everybody, like Looking for Small or Organising an Expotition, if Pooh could think of something.

Pooh could.

"We'll go because it's Thursday," he said, "and we'll go to wish everybody a Very Happy Thursday. Come on, Piglet."

They got up; and when Piglet had sat down again, because he didn't know the wind was so strong, and had been helped up by Pooh, they started off. They went to Pooh's house first, and luckily Pooh was at home just as they got there, so he asked them in, and they had some, and then they went on to Kanga's house, holding on to each other, and shouting, "Isn't it?" and "What?" and "I can't hear." By the time they got to Kanga's house they were so buffeted that they stayed to lunch. Just at first

it seemed rather cold outside afterwards, so they pushed on to Rabbit's as quickly as they could.

"We've come to wish you a Very Happy Thursday," said Pooh, when he had gone in and out once or twice just to make sure that he *could* get out again.

"Why, what's going to happen on Thursday?" asked Rabbit, and when Pooh had explained, and Rabbit, whose life was made up of Important Things, said, "Oh, I thought you'd really come about something," they sat down for a little . . . and by-and-by Pooh and Piglet went on again. The wind was behind them now, so they didn't have to shout.

"Rabbit's clever," said Pooh thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Piglet, "Rabbit's clever."

"And he has Brain."

"Yes," said Piglet, "Rabbit has Brain."

There was a long silence.

"I suppose," said Pooh, "that that's why he never understands anything."

Christopher Robin was at home by this time, because it was the afternoon, and he was so glad to see them that they stayed there until very nearly tea-time, and then they had a Very Nearly tea, which is one you forget about afterwards, and hurried on to Pooh Corner, so as to see Eeyore before it was too late to have a Proper Tea with Owl.

"Hallo, Eeyore," they called out cheerfully.

"Ah!" said Eeyore. "Lost your way?"

"We just came to see you," said Piglet. "And to see how your house was. Look, Pooh, it's still standing!"

"I know," said Eeyore. "Very odd. Somebody ought to have come down and pushed it over."

"We wondered whether the wind would blow it down," said Pooh.

"Ah, that's why nobody's bothered, I suppose. I thought perhaps they'd forgotten."

"Well, we're very glad to see you, Eeyore, and now we're going on to see Owl."

"That's right. You'll like Owl. He flew past a day or two ago and noticed me. He didn't actually say anything, mind you, but he knew it was me. Very friendly of him, I thought. Encouraging."

Pooh and Piglet shuffled about a little, and said, "Well, goodbye, Eeyore," as lingeringly as they could, but they had a long way to go, and wanted to be getting on.

"Goodbye," said Eeyore. "Mind you don't get blown away, little Piglet. You'd be missed. People would say 'Where's little Piglet been blown to?'—really wanting to know. Well, goodbye. And thank you for happening to pass me."

"Goodbye," said Pooh and Piglet for the last time, and they pushed on to Owl's house.

The wind was against them now, and Piglet's ears streamed behind him like banners as he fought his way along, and it seemed hours before he got them into the shelter of the Hundred Acre Wood and they stood up straight again, to listen, a little nervously, to the roaring of the gale among the tree-tops.





"Supposing a tree fell down, Pooh, when we were underneath it?"

"Supposing it didn't," said Pooh after careful thought.

Piglet was comforted by this, and in a little while they were knocking and ringing very cheerfully at Owl's door.

"Hallo, Owl," said Pooh. "I hope we're not too late for—I mean, how are you, Owl? Piglet and I just came to see how you were because it's Thursday."

"Sit down, Pooh, sit down, Piglet," said Owl kindly. "Make yourselves comfortable."

They thanked him, and made themselves as comfortable as they could.

"Because, you see, Owl," said Pooh, "we've been hurrying, so as to be in time for—so as to see you before we went away again."

Owl nodded solemnly.

"Correct me if I am wrong," he said, "but am I right in supposing that it is a very blustery day outside?"

"Very," said Piglet, who was quietly thawing his ears, and wishing that he was safely back in his own house.

"I thought so," said Owl. "It was on just such a blustery day as this that my Uncle Robert, a portrait of whom you see upon the wall on your right, Piglet, while returning in the late forenoon from a—What's that?"

There was a loud cracking noise.

"Look out!" cried Pooh. "Mind the clock! Out of the way, Piglet! Piglet, I'm falling on you!"

"Help!" cried Piglet.

Pooh's side of the room was slowly tilting upwards and his chair began sliding down on Piglet's. The clock slithered gently along the mantelpiece, collecting vases on the way, until they all crashed together on to what had once been the floor, but was now trying to see what it looked like as a wall. Uncle Robert, who was going to be the new hearthrug and was bringing the rest of his wall with him as carpet, met Piglet's chair just as Piglet was expecting to leave it, and for a little while it became very difficult to remember which was really the north. Then there was another loud crack . . . Owl's room collected itself feverishly . . . and there was silence.

In a corner of the room, the tablecloth began to wriggle. Then it wrapped itself into a ball and rolled across the room. Then it jumped up and down once or twice, and put out two ears. It rolled across the room again, and unwound itself.

"Pooh," said Piglet nervously.

"Yes?" said one of the chairs.

"Where are we?"

"I'm not quite sure," said the chair.

"Are we—are we in Owl's House?"

"I think so, because we were just going to have tea, and we hadn't had it."

"Oh!" said Piglet. "Well, did Owl *always* have a letter-box in his ceiling?"

"Has he?"

"Yes, look."

"I can't," said Pooh. "I'm face downwards under something, and that, Piglet, is a very bad position for looking at ceilings."

"Well, he has, Pooh."

"Perhaps he's changed it," said Pooh. "Just for a change."

There was a disturbance behind the table in the other corner of the room, and Owl was with them again.

"Ah, Piglet," said Owl, looking very much annoyed; "where's Pooh?"

"I'm not quite sure," said Pooh.

Owl turned at his voice, and frowned at as much of Pooh as he could see.

"Pooh," said Owl severely, "did *you* do that?"

"No," said Pooh humbly. "I don't *think* so."

"Then who did?"

"I think it was the wind," said Piglet. "I think your house has blown down."

"Oh, is that it? I thought it was Pooh."

"No," said Pooh.

"If it was the wind," said Owl, considering the matter, "then it wasn't Pooh's fault. No blame can be attached to him." With these kind words he flew up to look at his new ceiling.

"Piglet!" called Pooh in a loud whisper.

Piglet leant down to him.

"Yes, Pooh?"

"What did he say was attached to me?"

"He said he didn't blame you."

"Oh! I thought he meant—Oh, I see."

"Owl," said Piglet, "come down and help Pooh."

Owl, who was admiring his letter-box, flew down again. Together they pushed and pulled at the arm-chair, and in a little while Pooh came out from underneath, and was able to look round him again.

"Well!" said Owl. "This is a nice state of things!"

"What are we going to do, Pooh? Can you think of anything?" asked Piglet.

"Well, I *had* just thought of something," said Pooh. "It was just a little thing I thought of." And he began to sing:

I lay on my chest
And I thought it best
To pretend I was having an evening rest;
I lay on my tum
And I tried to hum
But nothing particular seemed to come.
My face was flat
On the floor, and that
Is all very well for an acrobat;
But it doesn't seem fair
To a Friendly Bear
To stiffen him out with a basket-chair.
And a sort of sqoze
Which grows and grows
Is not too nice for his poor old nose,
And a sort of squish
Is much too much
For his neck and his mouth and his ears and
such.

"That was all," said Pooh.

Owl coughed in an unadmiring sort of way, and said that, if Pooh was sure that *was* all, they could now give their minds to the Problem of Escape.

"Because," said Owl, "we can't go out by what used to be the front door. Something's fallen on it."

"But how else *can* you go out?" asked Piglet anxiously.



"That is the Problem, Piglet, to which I am asking Pooh to give his mind."

Pooh sat on the floor which had once been a wall, and gazed up at the ceiling which had once been another wall, with a front door in it which had once been a front door, and tried to give his mind to it.



"Could you fly up to the letter-box with Piglet on your back," he asked.

"No," said Piglet quickly. "He couldn't."

Owl explained about the Necessary Dorsal Muscles. He had explained this to Pooh and Christopher Robin once before, and had been waiting ever since for a chance to do it again, because it is a thing which you can easily explain twice before anybody knows what you are talking about.

"Because you see, Owl, if we could get Piglet

into the letter-box, he might squeeze through the place where the letters come, and climb down the tree and run for help."

Piglet said hurriedly that he had been getting bigger lately, and couldn't possibly, much as he would like to, and Owl said that he had had his letter-box made bigger lately in case he got bigger letters, so perhaps Piglet might, and Piglet said, "But you said the necessary you-know-whats wouldn't," and Owl said, "No, they won't, so it's no good thinking about it," and Piglet said, "Then we'd better think of something else," and began to at once.

But Pooh's mind had gone back to the day when he had saved Piglet from the flood, and everybody had admired him so much; and as that didn't often happen, he thought he would like it to happen again. And suddenly, just as it had come before, an idea came to him.

"Owl," said Pooh, "I have thought of something."

"Astute and Helpful Bear," said Owl.

Pooh looked proud at being called a stout and helpful bear, and said modestly that he just happened to think of it. You tied a piece of string to Piglet, and you flew up to the letter-box, with the other end in your beak, and you pushed it through the wire and brought it down to the floor, and you and Pooh pulled hard at this end, and Piglet went slowly up at the other end. And there you were.

"And there Piglet is," said Owl. "If the string doesn't break."

"Supposing it does?" asked Piglet, really wanting to know.

"Then we try another piece of string."

This was not very comforting to Piglet, because however many pieces of string they tried pulling up with, it would always be the same him coming down; but still, it did seem the only thing to do. So with one last look back

in his mind at all the happy hours he had spent in the Forest *not* being pulled up to the ceiling by a piece of string, Piglet nodded bravely at Pooh and said that it was a Very Clever pup-pup-pup Clever pup-pup Plan.

"It won't break," whispered Pooh comfortingly, "because you're a Small Animal, and I'll stand underneath, and if you save us all, it will be a Very Grand Thing to talk about afterwards, and perhaps I'll make up a Song, and people will say 'It was so grand what Piglet did that a Respectful Pooh Song was made about it!'"

Piglet felt much better after this, and when everything was ready, and he found himself slowly going up to the ceiling, he was so proud that he would have called out "Look at me!" if he hadn't been afraid that Pooh and Owl would let go of their end of the string and look at him.

"Up we go!" said Pooh cheerfully.

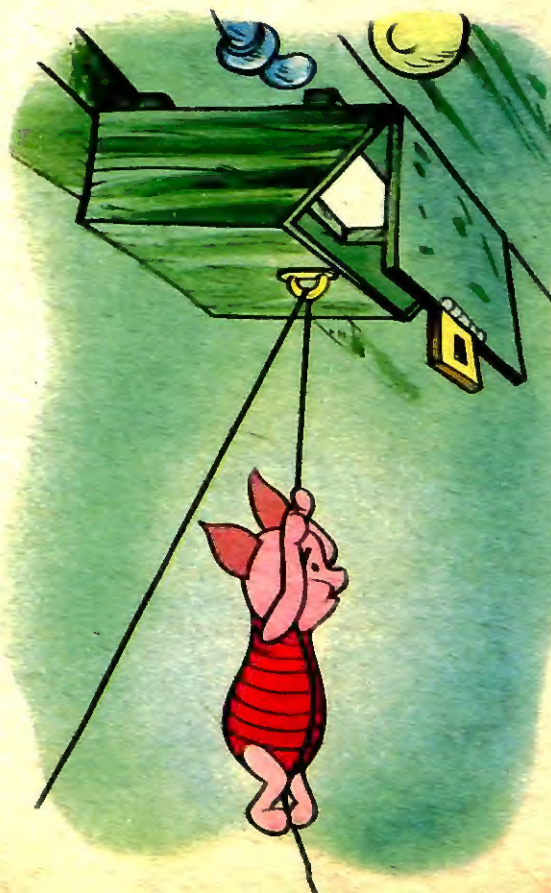
"The ascent is proceeding as expected," said Owl helpfully. Soon it was over. Piglet opened the letter-box and climbed in. Then, having untied himself, he began to squeeze into the slit, through which in the old days when front doors were front doors, many an unexpected letter that WOL had written to himself, had come slipping.

He squeezed and he sqoze, and then with one last sqoze he was out. Happy and excited he turned round to squeak a last message to the prisoners.

"It's all right," he called through the letter-box. "Your tree is blown right over, Owl, and there's a branch across the door, but Christopher Robin and I can move it, and we'll bring a rope for Pooh, and I'll go and tell him now, and I can climb down quite easily, I mean it's dangerous but I can do it all right, and Christopher Robin and I will be back in about half an hour. Goodbye, Pooh!" And without waiting to hear Pooh's answering "Goodbye, and thank you, Piglet," he was off.

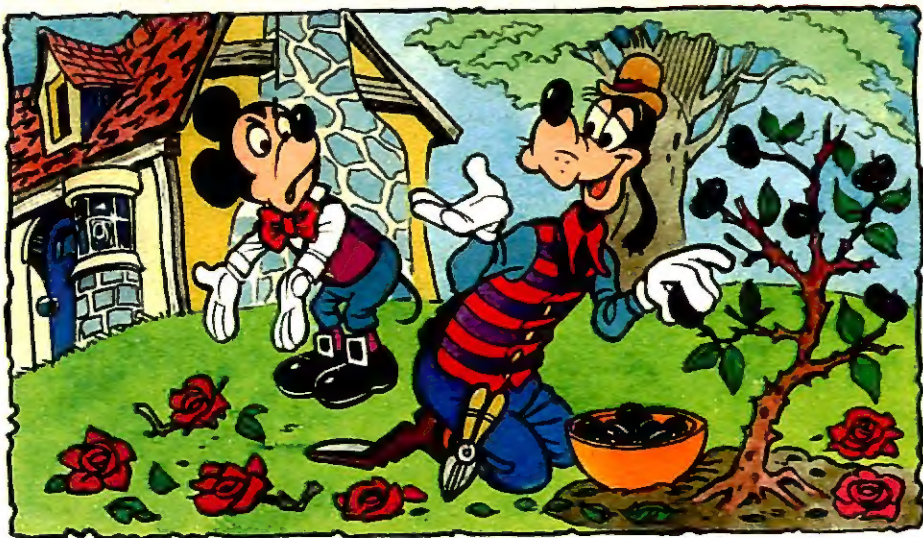
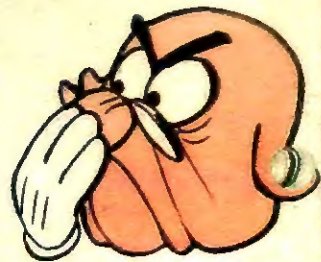
"Half an hour," said Owl, settling himself comfortably. "That will just give me time to finish that story I was telling you about my Uncle Robert—a portrait of whom you see underneath you. Now let me see, where was I? Oh, yes. It was on just such a blustering day as this that my Uncle Robert——"

Pooh closed his eyes.

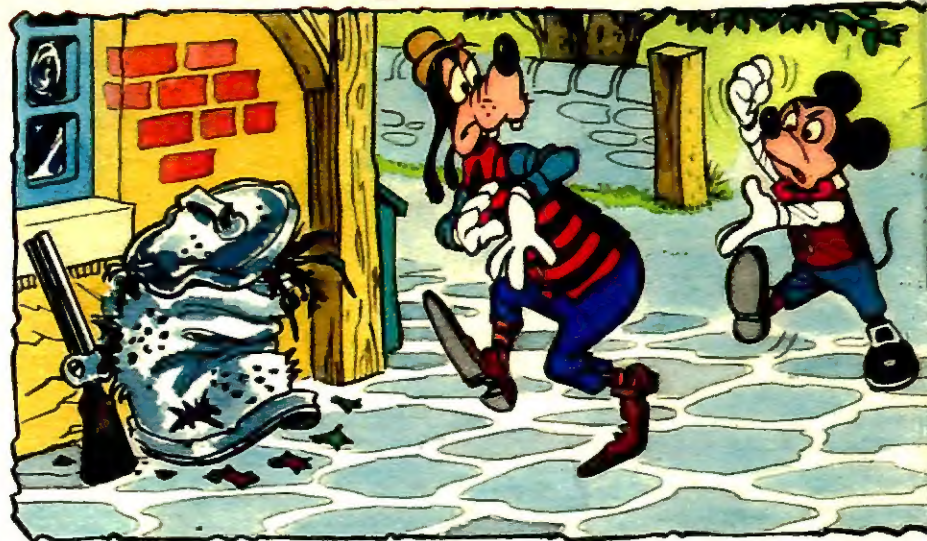




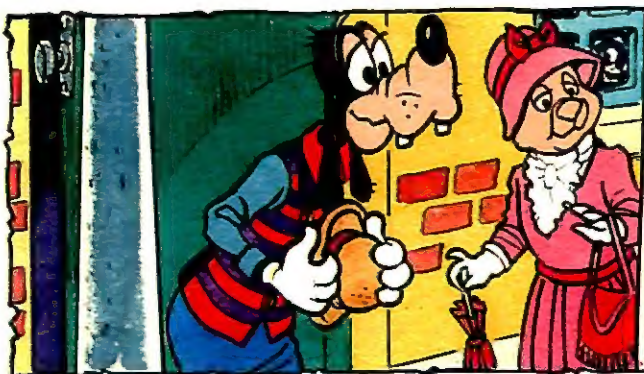
A JAMI ROLL for Lord Fishfinger



1. Here we are back at the Duck Inn again for more fun and games with that lovable chump known to us all as Goofy. And what on earth is he doing now? Well, here comes Mickey the innkeeper to find out for us. "Goofy," he shouts, "What are you doing to my lovely rose bushes?" Goofy smiles happily. "Aw—er—let me see now," he mutters, scratching his head. "Oh yes, yes, I remember now. The gardener told me to prune the roses so I'm just sticking these prunes on the bushes. Personally I think they look better with roses on, don't you?"

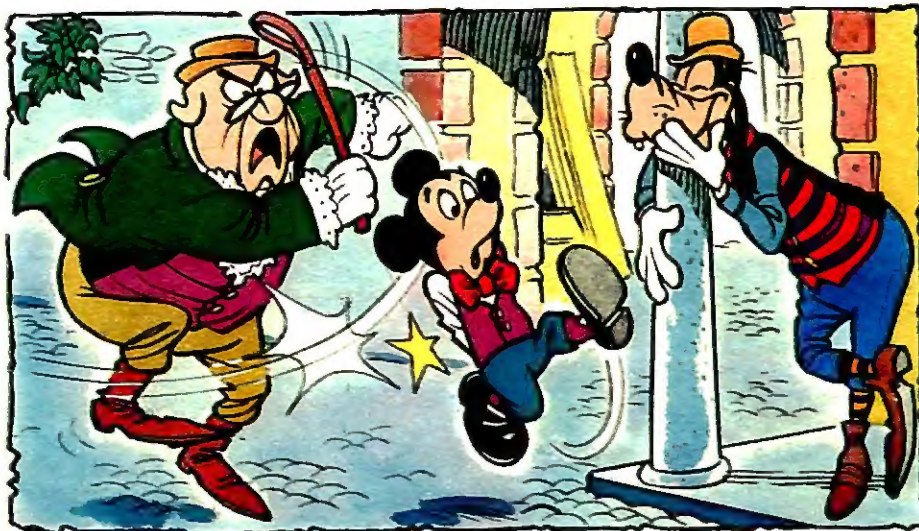
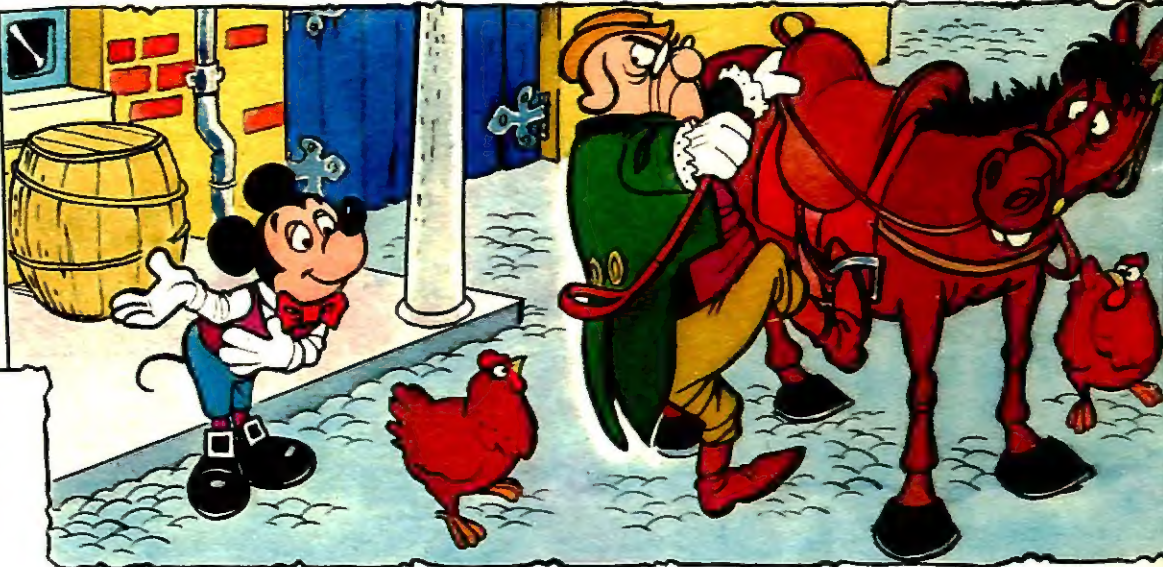


2. "My beautiful roses—ruined!" yelps Mickey. "Sus-sorry, boss," says Goofy, "but I had to cut the roses off so that I could stick the prunes on. Have I made another mistake? I only did as I was told!" "Turn round!" orders Mickey in a fine rage. So Goofy turns round. Then Mickey boots him—hard! "It's time to start serving lunch," says he. "Get going—before I lose my temper!" "I don't think you've found it since last week when you told me to shoot some rubbish in a dustbin," replies Goofy. "I didn't tell you to shoot it with a shotgun, did I?" snorts Mickey.

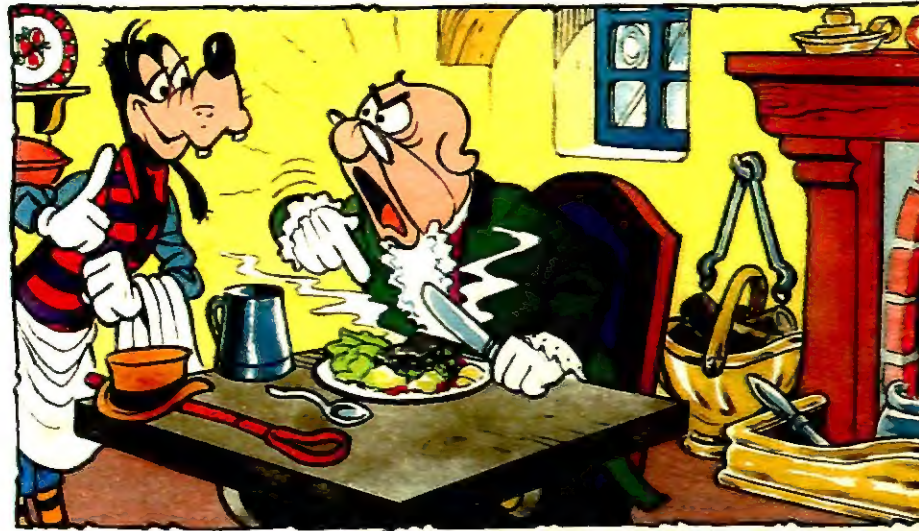


3. Well, that's not bad for a beginning, is it? You can tell that our funny friend Goofy is on form this week!

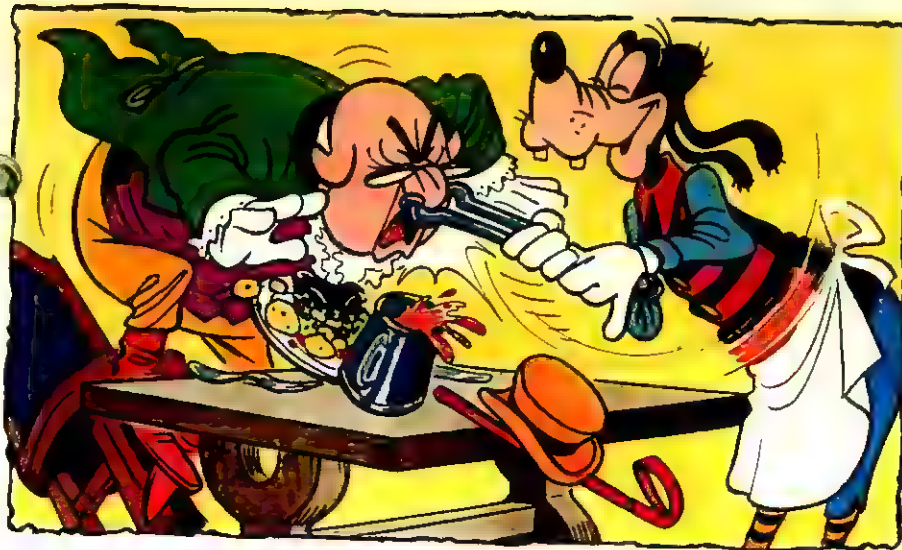
But let us get on with our story. On this day a very important person was paying a visit to the Duck Inn. None other than Lord Fishfinger himself and here he is, dismounting from his noble steed, while Mickey the innkeeper bows humbly to his lordship and an awe-struck Goofy lurks in the background.



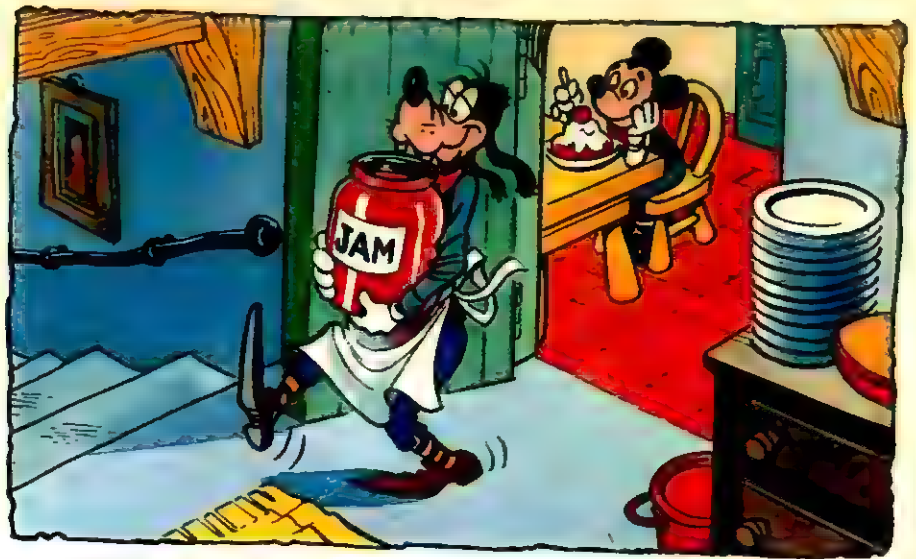
4. Like a lot of lords in those days, Lord Fishfinger was very snooty and thought that ordinary folk should pay him five pounds whenever he spoke to them. He was in a very bad temper right now because he knew that lowly innkeepers like Mickey weren't likely to pay him anything more than their respects. So as Mickey bowed respectfully, Lord Fishfinger sneaked round behind him and gave him a quick whack with his whip. "Serve my lunch immediately—if not sooner!" bawled his lordship while Mickey just bawled!



5. Then Lord Fishfinger bowled into the Duck Inn and sat himself down in the dining room. "Steak-and-kidney pud!" he bellowed at the top of his voice and Mickey hissed to Goofy, "Quick! Take him some steak-and-kidney pudding. If he wants any salt, only give him a pinch!" "Leave it to me, boss," replied Goofy and away he went. A few moments later he plonked a big plate of kate-and-sidney (pardon!) we mean steak-and-kidney pudding down in front of his lordship. "Salt! Salt!" shouted Lord Fishfinger in that polite way of his.



6. "Mickey says I must only give him a pinch if he asks for salt," thought Goofy, "and as it's Lord Fishfinger I'd better give him a *good* pinch." He looked round and there hanging at the side of the fireplace was a pair of fire-tongs. "Just the job!" chuckled Goofy and seizing them, he gave his lordship's long nose an almighty pinch. "YOW! YAH!" screamed Lord Fishfinger. "Leggobydoze!" "Certainly m'lud," laughed Goofy.



7. Goofy shambled away back to the kitchen where Mickey was sitting grumpily at a table, tucking into a big ice-cream. "Goofy," said he, "I don't want to wait on Lord Fishfinger. Give him a jam roll while I eat my ice-cream." And Goofy nodded. "Yes, boss," said he and happily he made his way to the larder. There he found a huge jar of jam. Picking it up, he staggered back to the dining room.

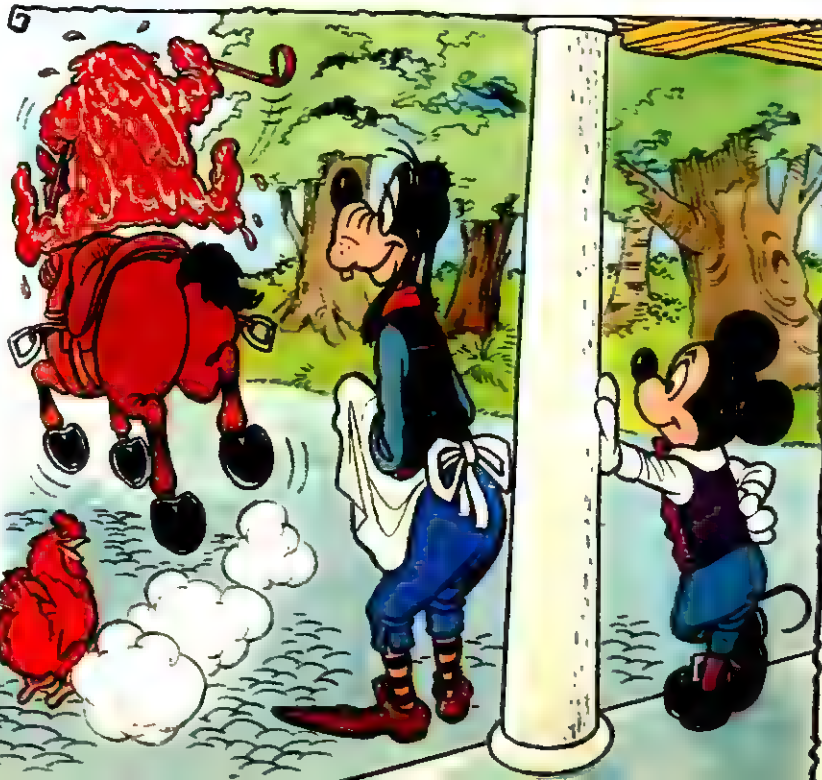


8. "You lame-brain!" screamed Lord Fishfinger as Goofy burst into the dining room with the big jar of jam. "How dare you come back and face me?" Goofy gave a goofy chuckle. "'Cos the boss told me I'd got to give you a jam roll, your lordship," said he. "And here for starters is the jam!" So saying he heaved the jar of jam high and emptied the contents all over Lord Fishfinger's noble head, in a gooey sticky stream. "GLUG! YUG! GROOOOGH!" guggled his lordship.



9. "And now for the roll! Allow me, my lord," said Goofy and picking up the astonished Lord Fishfinger he began to roll him across the floor. "YIPE! STOPPIT! GLURG!" spluttered Lord Fishfinger as he rolled over and over. When they reached the other side of the room, Goofy stopped to catch his breath. Then he said, "And now I'm sure you'd like a second helping, m'ludship!" and promptly rolled the lofty lord all the way back again. By the time he had finished, Lord Fishfinger could do no more than whine pitifully for help. "Help-pelp-pelp!" he gasped, while Goofy congratulated himself that he had well and truly jam-rolled his lordship.

10. It was all too much for Lord Fishfinger. "You-you-you-peasant! You-you-you-CLOD!" he quavered as soon as he could speak. "You-you-you must be BARMY!" Goofy smiled. "No, your lordship," said he. "I'm Goofy!" But Lord Fishfinger stayed to hear no more. He lurched out of the Duck Inn, and rode away, never to return. Mickey and Goofy watched him depart. "And good riddance," laughed Mickey. "Goofy, just for once I'm pleased with you," Goofy blushed. "Thank you, boss," said he. "But after all I only did what I was told."



11. Mickey grinned. "If Lord Fishfinger ever comes back, Goofy, you can serve him with an apple turnover. That should be fun!" "Haw! Haw! I think I'd like that, boss," guffawed Goofy. How they both laughed!

The Adventures of **PRINCE JASON**

1. A wicked wizard saved the lives of two young princes in return for their promise that one day their younger brother would be handed over to the wizard to be his slave. The wizard waited until Prince Jason was a young man before calling for him. The gallant prince, keeping faith with his brothers' promise, went with the wizard who set him a most difficult task. "Sort out that heap of tangled and knotted ropes before I return this evening," said the wizard, "or your punishment will be severe." The wizard went away and Prince Jason's heart sank for he knew that the task was impossible. Then he heard a tapping at the window pane.



2. "Let me in! Let me in and I will help you," said a shrill voice and Prince Jason opened the window. There perched on the window sill was a beautiful white dove. It had been tapping on the window with its beak. As Jason opened the window, the dove flew into the cabin.



3. The snow-white bird alighted on the great heap of tangled ropes and started to pull at the knots with its beak. Prince Jason watched, amazed, as the tangled pile of ropes was quickly sorted out.



4. Within an hour all the ropes had been unknotted, unravelled and looped neatly in their different lengths. Then without a word the dove flew out of the open window. When the wizard returned, he scowled and growled with rage. "How did you do it? How did you do it?" he shouted at the Prince. But Jason only smiled and said nothing about the beautiful white dove which had arrived so mysteriously to help him.



5. That night Prince Jason slept on the cold hard floor of the cabin, with nothing but a ragged blanket over him to keep him warm. As he lay there sleepless, with the moonlight shining through the window, he could think of nothing but the snow-white bird which had helped him so wonderfully. What magic had brought the bird to the wizard's cabin at just the right moment, Jason wondered.



6. Next morning the wizard said to the Prince: "Today you shall have some easy work to do. Outside you will find a pile of logs. Your task is to split them and chop them up into little pieces so that I will have plenty of firewood for the winter. But remember—you must be finished before I come home this evening. If not, I will make

you suffer a terrible punishment." There was only a small axe for the Prince to use. Although it was obvious to him that he would never be able to finish chopping up that huge pile before the evening, Prince Jason refused to admit defeat and set to work without more ado.



7. He split and hacked away as swiftly as he could but the day wore on until it was long past mid-day and he was still far from being finished. It seemed to him that the pile of logs was growing larger, not smaller. Suddenly the white dove appeared. "Shall I help you?" it asked.



8. "Yes indeed," smiled the Prince, "and many thanks for the offer. Your help yesterday saved me from a terrible punishment." At once the dove seized one piece of wood after another and split them with its beak. What followed then was truly magical, for even the biggest log just fell apart as soon as the dove's beak gave it the lightest peck.



9. In next to no time, all that great heap of logs had been cut up into little sticks of firewood. The dove then flew on to the Prince's shoulder and Jason thanked it again and stroked it and caressed it. The dove raised its little beak and Jason kissed it.



10. Instantly the dove changed into a beautiful maiden who stood smiling at the Prince. She told him that she was the Princess Mayblossom whom the wizard had stolen and changed into a dove. "But your kiss changed me back again," she went on. "Now, I must ask you, Prince Jason, if you will be faithful to me and take me for your wife. If you do, then I can free us both from the wizard's cruel power." (Please turn over)



11. There was no need for the Princess to ask twice, for Prince Jason had fallen in love with her immediately. "Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?" as the poet says. The Princess said to him, "When the wizard comes home you must ask him to grant you a wish because you have carried out his orders so well. When he agrees to this, you must ask him straight out for the Princess that he has changed into a white dove. Now—quickly—take this red silk thread and tie it round my little finger so that you may be able to recognise me again—for the wizard will use his magic to turn me into other forms." Jason made haste to tie the thread round her little finger.



12. In that same moment the Princess became a snow-white dove again. Away she flew as the wizard returned. Once more he fell into a towering rage when he saw the great heap of firewood. But the Prince soothed him, saying, "Why are you so angry? After all, I have carried out both the tasks you set me. You should be pleased with me." The wizard quietened down. "I should? And supposing I am?" said he. The Prince smiled charmingly. "Will you give me something I want?" he asked. "Why, certainly," grinned the wizard. "What is it that you fancy?"



13. "I would like the Princess you have changed into a dove brought to me here," said the Prince. The wizard roared with evil laughter. "What nonsense!" he bellowed. "A Princess I have changed into a dove! Rubbish!" Then he cackled, "Wait here, and I will bring you a Princess." He sped away and returned dragging a shaggy little grey ass. "You have my word this is a Princess," he grinned.



14. Looking down, the Prince saw a silken red thread tied around one of the donkey's fetlocks. At once he answered: "Yes, I will take the ass." The wizard snarled in sudden anger. "What will you do with it?" he asked. "Why, I will ride it," replied Jason with an innocent look. But with that the wizard turned and dragged the donkey away. He came back a few moments later with an old, wrinkled, toothless hag with a bent back and hands that trembled with age. "Will you have her?" asked the wizard. "Yes, I will," said the Prince for he saw the red silk thread on the old woman's little finger.



15. As the Prince said this, the withered old crone suddenly changed into the lovely Princess. The wizard uttered a hoarse scream of rage and rushing forward, took a running kick at the great heap of firewood. Sticks and splinters flew about the ears of Jason and Mayblossom while the wizard shrieked and threw himself about in his wild temper. "Very well, very well," he screamed, "I'll keep my promise and you shall have your Princess, my fine Prince Jason. But if you think you have beaten me, you have made a big mistake as soon you will discover!" (More next week.)



Mickey and Minnie

and the FIERCE ANIMAL

"Yum, yum," said Mickey Mouse to himself. You see, someone had just given him a lovely big box of chocolates as a present.

"It would be very greedy to eat such a lot of chocolates all by myself, I think I'll go and share them with Minnie," thought kind Mickey, so off he went.

Pluto was outside, leaning up against the next-door fence, scratching himself. Now what neither Mickey nor Pluto noticed was that that fence had been newly painted—in black and yellow stripes, to make it look gay.

When Mickey went down the road to Minnie's house, a black-and-yellow striped Pluto went with him, but as Pluto was only black-and-yellow-striped on one side, Mickey didn't notice. Lots of other people did, though and as soon as they saw the black-and-yellow-striped Pluto, they turned and ran away.

Mickey was surprised. "What a very odd thing to do," he said, as he saw some people running off.

Well, Mickey arrived at Minnie's house. "You stay outside the front here, and I'll creep round the back and give her a surprise," Mickey said to Pluto. And he did give her a surprise, too, but not quite the kind he had meant.

You see, Minnie was listening to the radio, and the radio announcer was just saying that a tiger had escaped from the zoo, and that it was a very fierce animal and everyone should keep away from it.

Just at that very moment, Minnie happened to look out of her front window and what should she see outside her house, but a black-and-yellow-striped animal.

Did you know that tigers have black-and-yellow stripes? Well, Minnie did, and she didn't wait to take a second look. She dashed for the back door. Minnie ran out just as Mickey was going in and they met head-on in the doorway—BONK! The box of chocolates fell on the floor and all the chocolates rolled out, but Minnie didn't even notice.

"Help, there's a fierce tiger outside the front of my house," she gasped. "Come on, Mickey, run, before he attacks us."

Minnie ran and Mickey ran and Pluto, hearing the sound of their running feet, ran, too, to see what was the matter. But first, he stopped to eat all the chocolates he found lying on the path. Then on he ran, after Mickey and Minnie, licking his lips to lick off the last tiny bits of chocolate.

Of course, lots of other people had heard about the fierce animal that had escaped

from the zoo, and when they saw Mickey and Minnie running as fast as they could, with a black-and-yellow striped animal running after them and licking its lips, they all began to run, too, until it looked as though the whole town was running one big race.

At last, Mickey began to puff and pant. "What—puff—are we running for—puff—Minnie?" he asked.

"We're running—puff—away—puff—from the fierce animal—puff," panted Minnie.

Mickey stopped and looked around. "But there isn't—puff—any fierce animal," he said, puzzled. "There's only Pluto."

Minnie stopped and looked too, and she did feel silly, when she saw that it really was Pluto. When they got there, they found the empty chocolate box, lying on the path. Mickey guessed what had happened and said some cross things to Pluto.

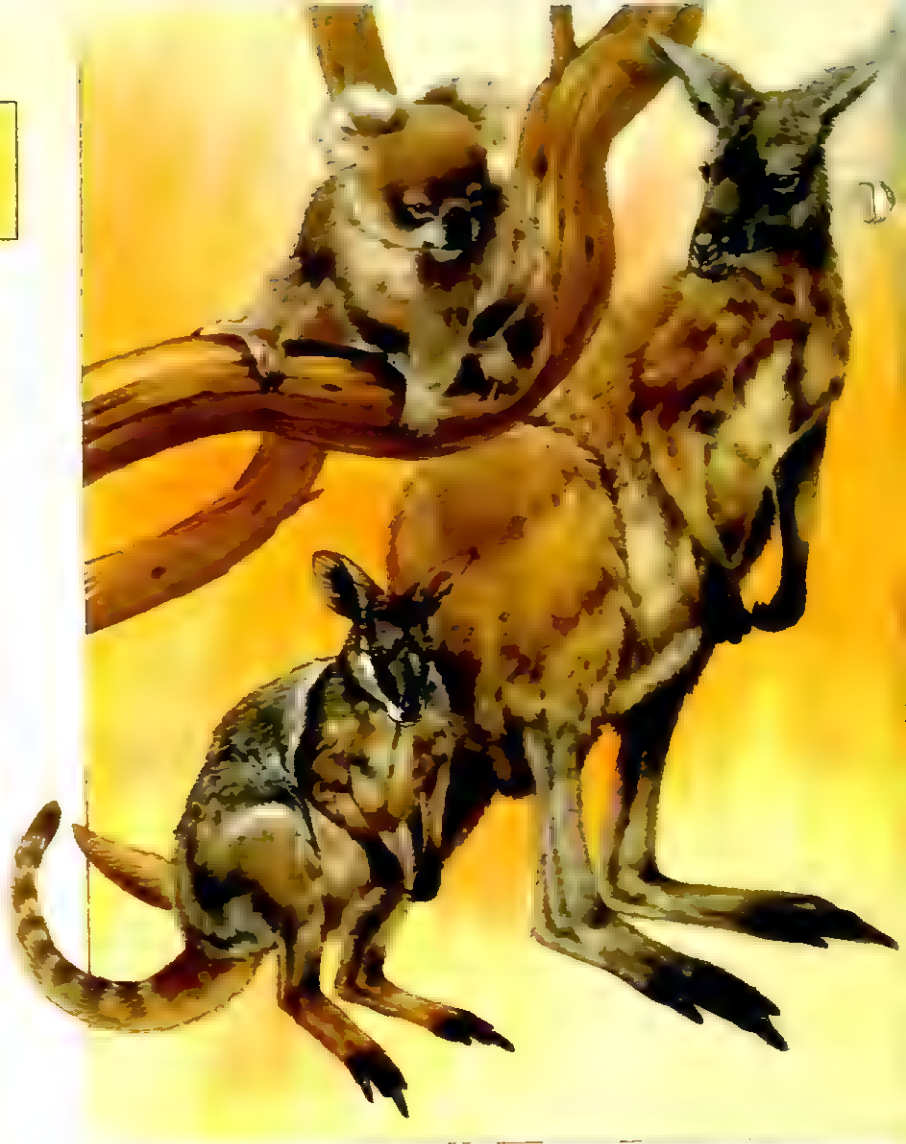
"Never mind, I'll bake a chocolate cake for us, instead," said Minnie. She got out her baking things, and while she was making the cake Mickey put Pluto in the bath and scrubbed and scrubbed until all the black and yellow paint had come off. Then he and Minnie sat down to eat slices of scrummy chocolate cake.

WILDLIFE of our WONDERFUL WORLD

The KOALA



1. "Ah, what a lovable little bear!" Is that what you said when you looked at this picture? Well, if you did, you were wrong because the koala is *not* a bear.



2. Although the koala looks like a bear, in fact it belongs to the same family as the kangaroo and the wallaby and like them, lives only in Australia.



3. But unlike them, the koala lives high above ground. You see, it only eats the leaves and shoots of the mighty eucalyptus tree and spends most of its time way up in the topmost branches.

As the little koala cubs grow older, they are carried around on their mothers' backs, piggy-back style.



4. The cubs are brought up with great care and kindness, but if a cub is naughty and misbehaves itself, mamma will give it a good spanking.



5. The koala has thick grey woolly fur, small but very bright eyes and a huge flat nose which looks as if it is made of rubber. It has a rather wondering curious expression, as though it is lost and doesn't quite know what is going on. Perhaps that is why the Australian aboriginal people called it "koala" which means "a very silly fellow." In fact, the koala is a clever and intelligent animal.

6. The koala has no tail and for a long while the aborigines imagined that it had been rubbed away by the koala's habit of sitting wedgewise in the forked branches of the trees where it lives.



7. It is a nocturnal creature. That means, it roams around at night . . .



8. . . . and sleeps by day.



9. Apart from the pouch where the koala mother carries her baby, the koala has cheek pouches for storing food. But they only use these in times of drought or when they are travelling over parts of the country where forest fires have taken place.

The koala looks charming. It is gentle, shy and in captivity will love its keeper.



10. Koalas are not easy to keep in captivity because they eat only the leaves of eucalyptus trees. But a zoo in San Diego, California, U.S.A. solved this difficulty by growing a forest of eucalyptus trees especially for koalas, believe it or not!

When a female koala is grown up, she is welcome to stay with her family. But a male koala is attacked and chased away by its father who makes strange barking noises—rather like human insults!



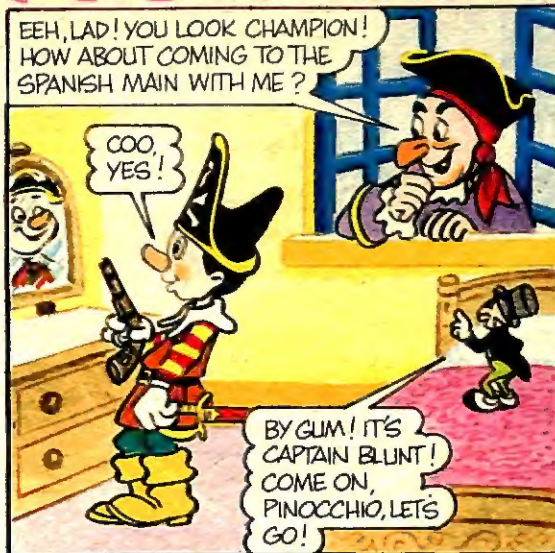
11. The young male, now an outcast, will then find a tree where no other koalas are living, sit in the branches and make love-calls. Young female koalas nearby come flocking towards him as though they were quite unable to resist his calls. And so a new family of koalas is begun.



THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF Pinocchio



When Pino's birthday came around
Inside one parcel Pino found
An outfit which, in days of old,
Was often worn by pirates bold.



Before the mirror Pino stood
Dressed up and thinking he looked good,
When voice said "Lad—I'm Captain Blunt—
Come and join my treasure hunt."



So in a little pirate ship
Pinocchio started his strange trip,
Sailing off across the sea
To find some other seas to see!



Just then a somewhat outsized wave
Decided it would misbehave,
And washed Pinocchio right away
Just saying "Come on, lad—let's play!"



At last the sea got fed up and
Dumped the boy upon some sand,
Which then he saw, as he looked round,
Was special treasure-burying ground.



Beneath a palm-tree's cooling shade
Pinocchio found a little spade,
And then he found a notice, too,
And thought he'd better have a do.



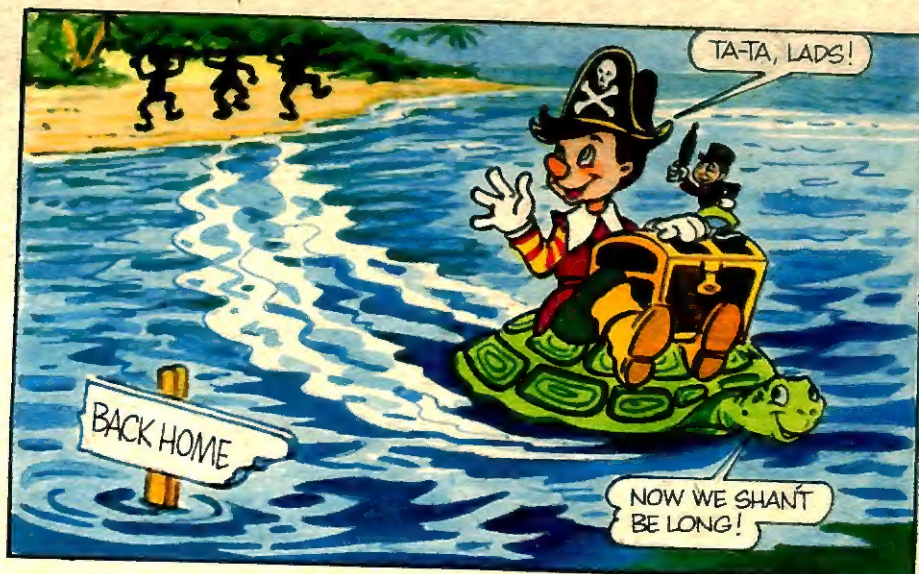
The pirates came at rapid speed,
And since not one of them could read
They'd never dug for hidden hoard
Beneath that little notice board.



So Pino bragged "I'm feeling bold!
I'll fight you for this chest of gold,
I'm not afraid of chumps like thee!"
And then he swiped and felled a tree.



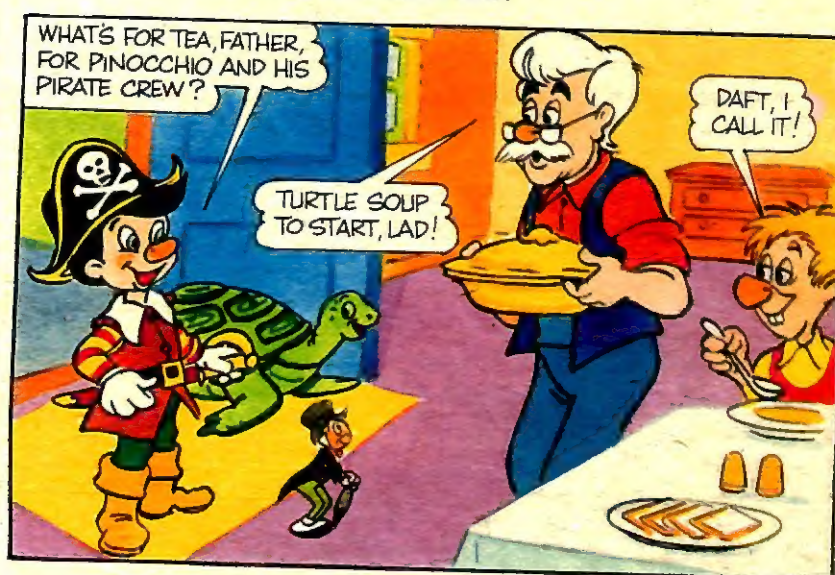
While pirate gang were coming round,
Lad seized the treasure from the ground
And swiftly fled towards the sea,
Saying "I've had enough for me!"



A friendly turtle shouted "Oy!
Why don't you ride on me, my boy?
For I can swim and I can float—
I'm really better than a boat!"



Leaving the pirates far behind,
That turtle soon his way did find,
O'er the salt and watery foam
All the long long way back home.



And so, all dangers safely past,
Pinocchio got back home at last,
Though turtle wasn't pleased to see
That they'd got turtle soup for tea.



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